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friend's ideas. That he did finally endorse these implications is a high tribute to Fiske, and the endorsement is in itself worth quoting, not only because it is characteristic in form, but also because it is perhaps the warmest utterance ever reported to have fallen from the lips of a man whose temperament seems to have been as frigid and dry as a winter's day in the Northland. At the close of his visit in America, Spencer was given a farewell dinner at which Fiske delivered an address upon the philosophic relation of the doctrine of Evolution to religion. "Fiske," cried Spencer, when the speaker had finished, "should you develop to the fullest the ideas you have expressed here this evening, I should regard it as a fitting supplement to my life-work."

To do the work that Fiske did a man was needed who was at the same time sternly scientific in mind and deeply religious in temperament. It was by reconciling the differences in his own nature that Fiske became able to cheer and elevate the minds of many to whom the antagonism between religion and science seemed unutterably depressing. How deep and sensitive his nature really was one cannot fully understand without reading in the *Life and Letters* the story of his religious experience and the account of his inner struggle to free himself from dogma while preserving faith. Moreover, his artistic temperament—which revealed itself in a love of music that led him to study the art of musical composition, and which made itself apparent in many poetic passages of his writings—is seen to have been a considerable if not indispensable element of his greatness.

Besides setting forth with great fulness and coherence a wealth of interesting facts regarding Fiske's ancestry, the course of his life, his habits and modes of thought, the *Life and Letters* is richly rewarding in the familiar delineations it gives of such notable men as Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, and Lewes. Mr. Clark has done thorough and thoughtful work. His narrative is not merely a setting for Fiske's letters, but a well considered biography broadly and variously interesting.

THE COMING DEMOCRACY. By Hermann Fernau. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1917.

Except for the frequent employment of the phrase "We Germans," the earlier chapters of *The Coming Democracy* read almost as if they had been written by an American or by an Englishman: they have indeed precisely the same tone of righteous indignation, precisely the same overwhelming argumentative massiveness, which have become familiar to Americans in a multitude of "war books." They are even a trifle tedious to a reader already well versed in the literature of the subject with which they deal. For the unfortunate fact is that within the space of a few years Prussian bad faith and Prussian medievalism have become almost outworn subjects for discourse—though by no means outworn motives for action. It is scarcely more possible to write anything fresh or startling upon these subjects than it would be to compose an original and moving address upon the atrocities of Nero. The issues between Imperial Germany and the

democratic Allies, have passed beyond the sphere of judicial discussions. Our minds are now made up, and what we heed most now are encouragements and aids to effective action. Thus, so long as Mr. Fernau speaks from the point of view of the enemies of Germany—so long as he confines himself to demonstrating the responsibility of the Imperial Government for the world war, to piercing the shallowness and inconsistency of German pretexts and justifications, to exposing the spirit of the German dynasty and of the German military class,—we approve him, indeed, because he, as a German citizen, sees and courageously expresses what we as American citizens have for a long time seen and expressed without hesitation; but we are not greatly enlightened or thrilled.

Books which go more deeply into these matters are available to all readers—treatises which fully and dispassionately refute German claims by analyzing diplomatic correspondence and historic facts, studies of German social and political life which reveal with clearness the German conception of the State and the superficial character of German liberties and German social reforms. Upon some questions, moreover, the author deliberately, and perhaps wisely, refrains from touching more than incidentally. He says nothing, for example, about the Prussian Constitution, the Prussian franchise and Upper House, the privileged position of the Junkers in the Prussian political system, or the Prussian policy in Poland. On these features of the German system the controversialist will find more facts unfavorable to the Imperial Government even in Prince von Buelow's *Imperial Germany* than in this book of Mr. Fernau's.

Furthermore, the author is obviously too sincere, too hopeful, a German patriot ever to be quite happy when he writes from the standpoint of *l'accuse*. His moral indignation lacks the point of stinging satire or the probing penetration of intellectual contempt.

But when Mr. Fernau begins to write as in some sort the spokesman of a section of the German people, when his voice seems to become the voice of that truer Germany which we hope exists, when he adopts the point of view expressed in the title of his earlier book, *Because I Am a German*, then he interests and moves us in the highest degree.

Two things are firmly believed by perhaps a majority of the German people today. The first is the theory of the Imperial Government,—a theory supported by sophistical reasoning and fabricated evidence,—that the war is from the German point of view a *defensive* war. The second is that German progress and prosperity has been absolutely dependent upon the successful carrying out of the policies of the German Imperial Government.

Neither of these beliefs is indicative of a hopeless perversion of character. When a people in which the fear of invasion is deeply ingrained is assured that it has been attacked and is immediately thereafter mobilized; when patriotic citizens have been worked up to the highest pitch of enthusiastic self-sacrifice over a "holy defensive war," what likelihood is there that, after the struggle has begun and while the enemy is doing his utmost in the way of apparent aggression, the rank and file will coolly reconsider their views? And since the unification of Germany through the warlike policy of Bismarck, and

through the militarism and centralization of the nation after his time, has seemed even to foreign observers so indisputably to account for German success in various fields, how can one expect Germans themselves to take a contrary attitude? Could they possibly see that "if Bismarck had welded the German races into national unity without any war, the national prosperity of Germany would, thanks to the genius of the German merchant and technologist, have developed just as brilliantly . . . as it did through Bismarck's annexation and armament policy"?

Such questions are powerfully suggested by Mr. Fernau's discussion and they are certainly not altogether wanting in pertinence. Much more to the point, however, are certain passages which go far toward convincing the reader that much of what is advanced as gospel truth by the Imperial Government and that is officially taught and promulgated, is not believed by the German people as a whole. Though the people of Germany are grievously mistaken about many things, they are not, according to Mr. Fernau, by any means insane.

"The simple German instinctively felt that a danger and a reaction were concealed in the events of the past forty years, but he could not and dared not realize the secret opposition which necessarily arose in a feudal military state like Prusso-Germany between dynastic rights and privileges and nineteenth-century notions of civil law." Repression both kept him in ignorance and enforced a sometimes unwilling outward conformity to the official view. Consequently, that conception of law, civil and international, which in most civilized countries has passed into political practise, "remained in Prusso-Germany punishable, *even as a theory*."

Repression and arbitrary direction, too, very largely explain that rigidity of form and that repellent spirit of force-worship which prevails in most phases of German art and culture. This art, this culture is, in fact, not true Germanism, but "merely the will-to-power of the dynasty expressed in scientific and artistic forms." The unfortunate result has been that "almost everything that has been said about German culture in France, England, and Italy, since the beginning of the war, is false; because it is impossible for the people of those countries to conceive that the national idea of right and of culture can be dictated from above and consequently they believe that it emanates from the people."

Nevertheless, despite the official dictation and the official falsification, despite the natural disposition of the average German to reverence the wisdom of his political rulers, to accept the teachings of the learned as gospel truth, to bow humbly to the expert in all departments of knowledge, freedom of thought and of conscience in Germany, declares Mr. Fernau, is by no means dead. "The fact is," he writes, "that we Germans for the last hundred years have not dared to be what we actually are and would like to show ourselves; namely, the descendants and the upholders of the classical Germanism of Leibnitz, Herder, Goethe, Schiller, Kant, Humboldt, Uhland." Among private individuals, sitting at their firesides, this older Germanism, we are told, still prevails; public expression of it is cut off by the dread of certain paragraphs in the penal code. Thus, when Germans begin

to speak or write for the public, they "execute veritable egg-dances in order to avoid the necessity of speaking the truth."

But perhaps this love of older and better ideals represents only a feeble and flickering sentiment, while the real convictions of the people do in fact, as they seem to do, support the policy of the dynasty. To such a supposition Mr. Fernau would reply, first, that, according to his own personal knowledge, "two-thirds of the German electorate have a horror of a war of conquest, secretly condemn the crimes committed against Belgium, and can only conceive the world-war as the result of Cossack invasions, bombs dropped by aviators, and 'actual attacks'"; secondly, that there is in Germany no large party which desires the monarchy for its own sake; thirdly, that on every occasion on which the majority of the people has been allowed to express its views upon vital questions it has disapproved the policy of the Government; finally, that if in 1914 Germany had had a responsible parliament, truly representing the people, there can be no manner of doubt that the military class would have been unable to commit the country to war.

It is not without reason, perhaps, that Americans during the last year or so have become somewhat less receptive to the message of Mr. Fernau's book than they would have been at the time when the author began to write. "Make no mistake," we have been exhorted; "we are fighting the whole German people, and they are heart and soul against us." Still, we may hope; still, we may retain a certain faith in human nature; still we may feel encouraged to believe that the coming of democracy in Germany will find a majority of the German people far more ready to accept it than we had hitherto supposed. Moreover, Mr. Fernau's right-minded and fervent, if perhaps too optimistic, vindication of the soul of the German people, fits in admirably with that distinction which President Wilson as the spokesman of America drew between the German people and the rulers of Germany.

CANON SHEEHAN OF DONERAILE. By Herman J. Heuser, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1917.

In this puzzling world there are few intellectual experiences that are more enjoyable and beneficial than acquaintance with a man whose personal qualities enable one, not to forget, but to transcend, differences of creed. A most religious man, a sincere Catholic, Canon Sheehan impresses the non-Catholic reader of his books as a great human being, and the more so for being a Catholic, for his religion is an inseparable part of him. To Protestants as well as to Catholics, therefore, his life-story should prove appealing and profitable.

Patrick Sheehan was born in the year 1852, in County Cork. At the age of fourteen he was sent to St. Colman's College, a preparatory training school in the diocese of Cloyne, in which school he was fitted for entrance to the philosophical department of the Theological Seminary at Maynooth.

After completing his studies, he was appointed to the English mission. He went first to the Plymouth diocese and then as curate